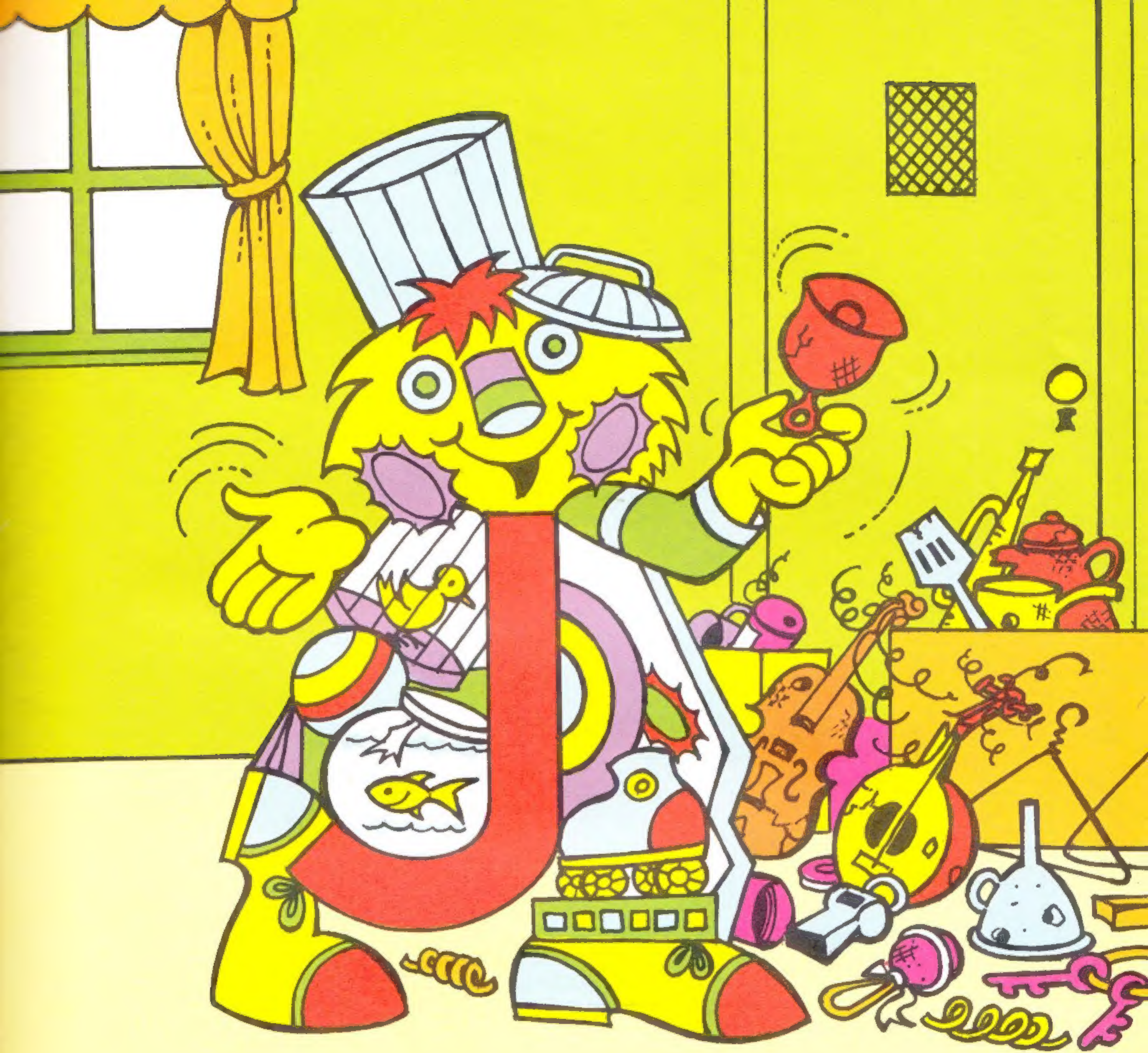


# JINGLING JANGLING JOGGERS



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Mr. J collects junk.

"I like to jumble the junk all over myself," he says.

"Jumbled junk makes wonderful sounds."

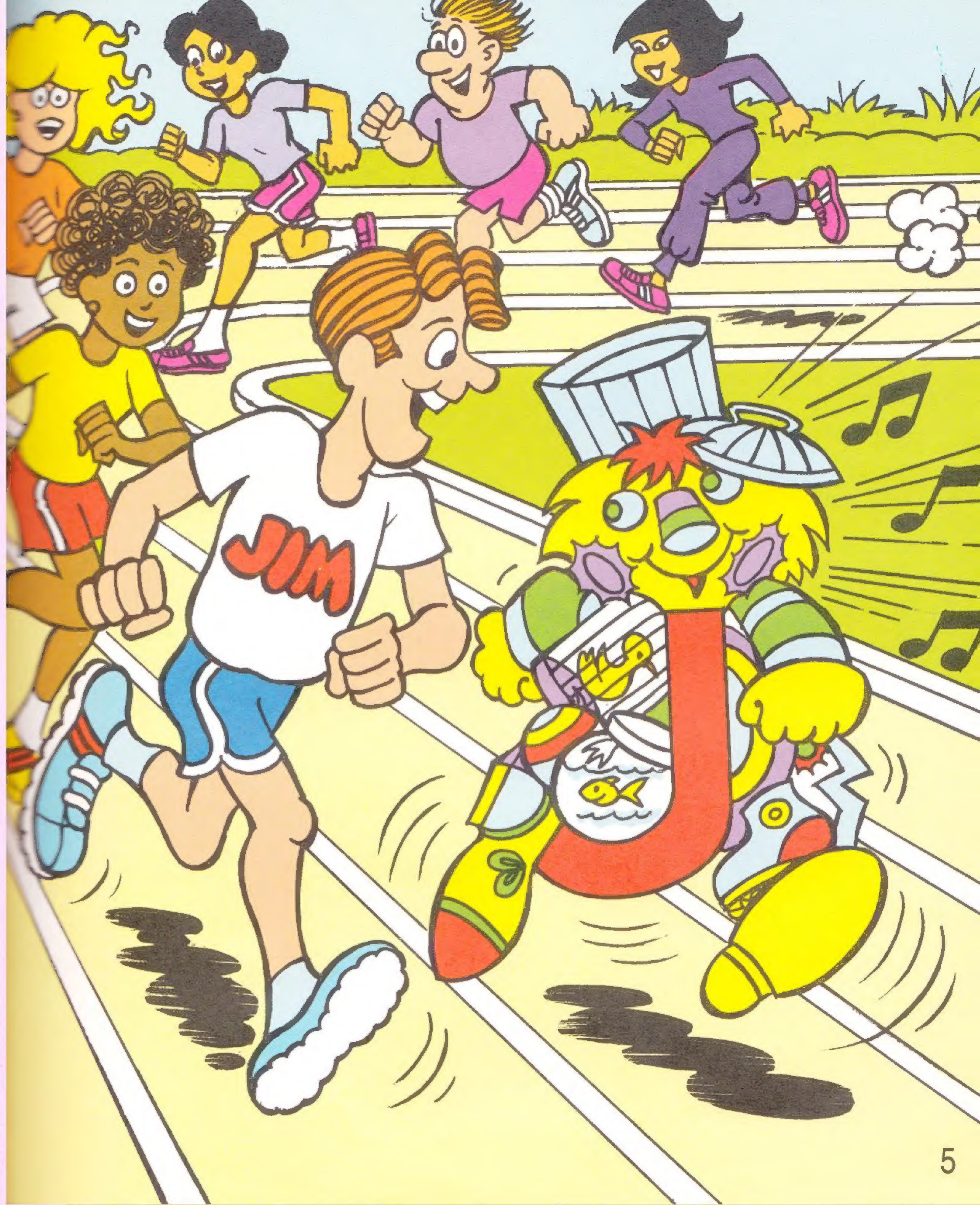


Mr. J likes to hear the sounds jumbled junk makes.  
Mr. J hops.  
Ploppity, plop goes the jumbled junk.  
Mr. J jumps.  
Clankity, clank goes the jumbled junk.  
Mr. J jogs.  
Jingle, jangle goes the jumbled junk.  
Jingle, jangle is Mr. J's favorite sound.





Sometimes Mr. J jogs with other joggers.  
“Your jumbled junk makes wonderful jingling,  
jangling sounds,” smile the joggers.  
“I wish I could make those sounds,” says Jim.  
“So do I. So do I,” shouts each jogger.  
Mr. J feels very proud.









Early the next morning Mr. J drives  
to the jogging track.  
He unloads the truck.  
Then he hides behind a tree and waits.  
Soon the joggers arrive.  
“Look,” cries Jill, “I see jingling, jangling junk.  
Let’s jumble it all over ourselves and jog.”





The joggers clip jingling, jangling junk  
onto themselves.

Mr. J hears wonderful sounds.

Joggers jingle.

Joggers jangle.

Joggers jingle and jangle.

Joggers laugh and laugh.





The joggers see Mr. J.  
“You have made jogging so much fun,” they say.  
“Sharing my jumbled junk makes me feel happy,”  
says Mr. J.  
“I will bring jingling, jangling junk  
to the jogging track every morning.”





Mr. J works very hard collecting jumbled junk.  
Each morning he leaves piles and piles of junk  
at the jogging track.

The joggers cannot use all the jingling,  
jangling junk.

Junk topples all over the jogging track.

The joggers cannot jog.





"There is jingling, jangling junk everywhere I look," says Jim.

"We cannot jog.

We will trip on the junk.

I must tell Mr. J to stop bringing junk."

"You cannot do that," says Jill.

"You will hurt Mr. J's feelings."





"I have a plan," says Jill.  
"We will ask joggers from all over  
to come to our jogging track.  
They will listen as Mr. J jogs.  
Every jogger will want jingling, jangling junk.  
All the junk will be used.  
We will be able to jog without tripping.  
Mr. J's feelings will not be hurt."  
"That is a perfect plan," smile the joggers.





Jill tells Mr. J her plan.

He is very excited.

"My job will be to find more and more junk,"  
says Mr. J.

"No, no!" shout the joggers.

"We will share the junk you brought to us."

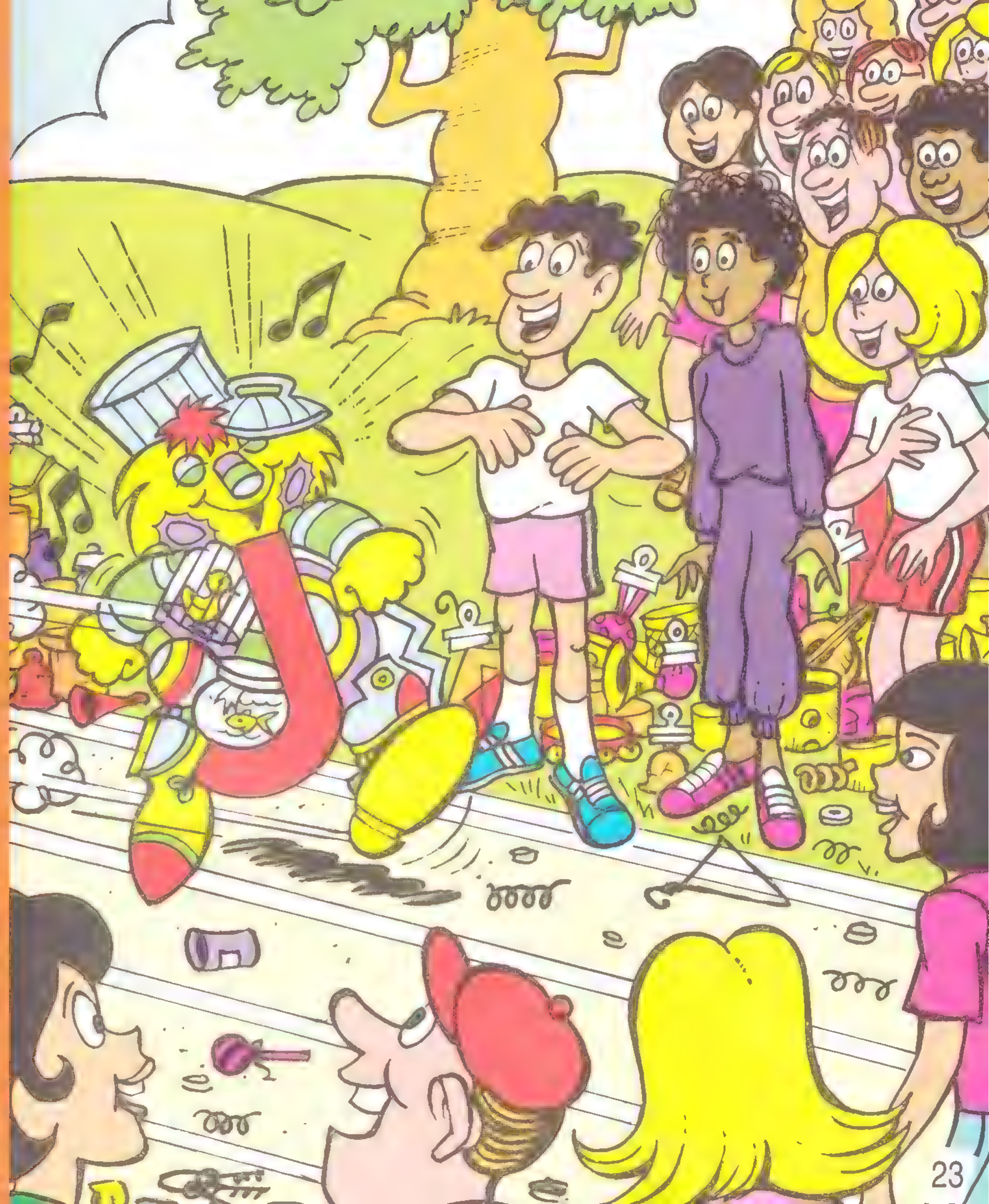
"Then what will my job be?" asks Mr. J.

"Please clear the jogging track!"  
say all the joggers at once.





Soon joggers arrive from everywhere.  
They watch and listen as Mr. J jogs.  
“The sound of the jingling, jangling junk  
is wonderful,” they exclaim joyfully.  
“We want to jog as you do, Mr. J.”  
Mr. J helps each jogger put on some junk.  
Then everyone jogs together.  
Mr. J feels very proud.





The joggers decide to have a club.

"We will call ourselves 'Mr. J's Jingling, Jangling Joggers'," they say.

"Let's have a joggers' jamboree every month," says Mr. J.

"I will bring piles and piles of junk."

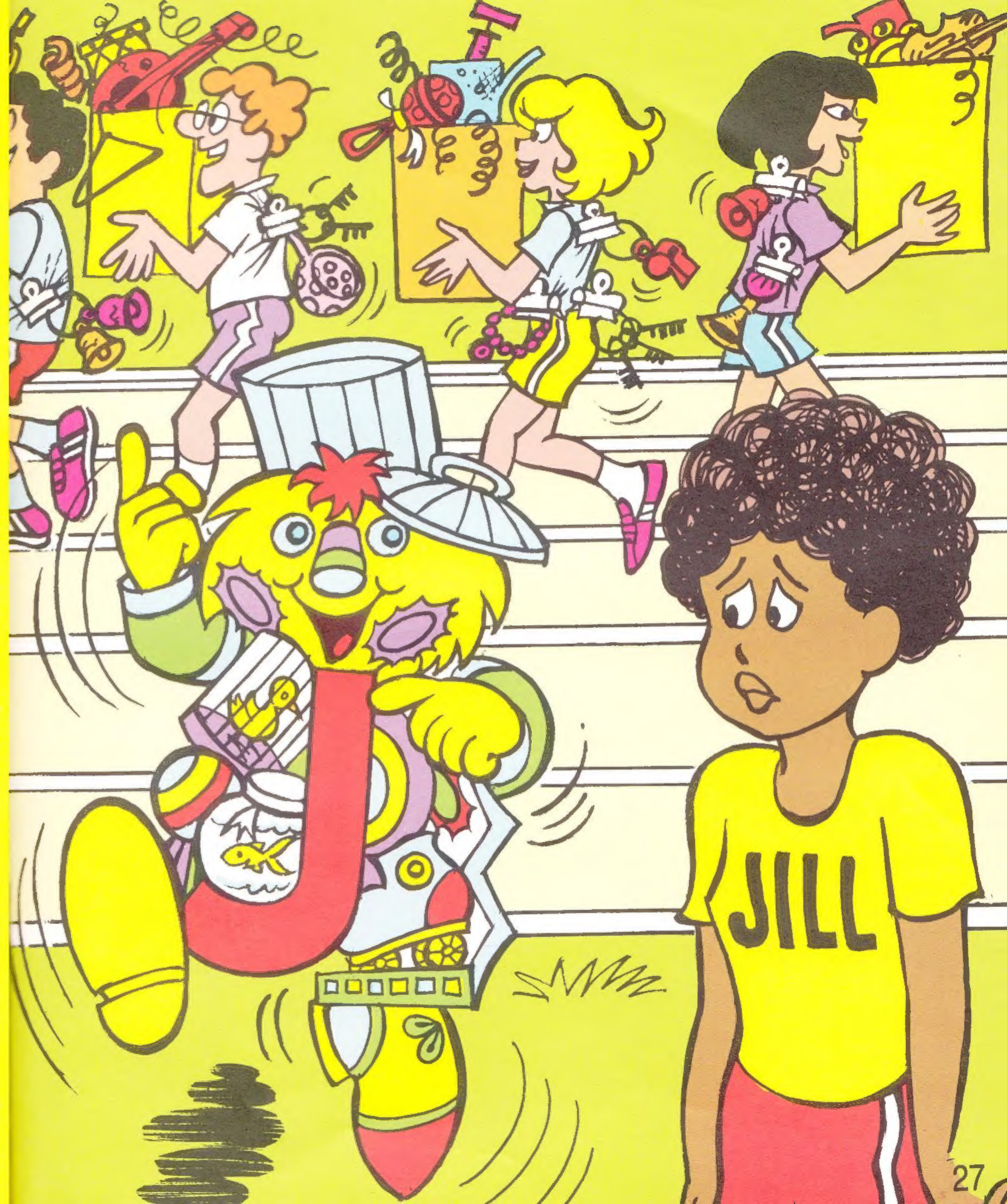
"Oh, no!" says Jill.

"I don't think my plan is working."



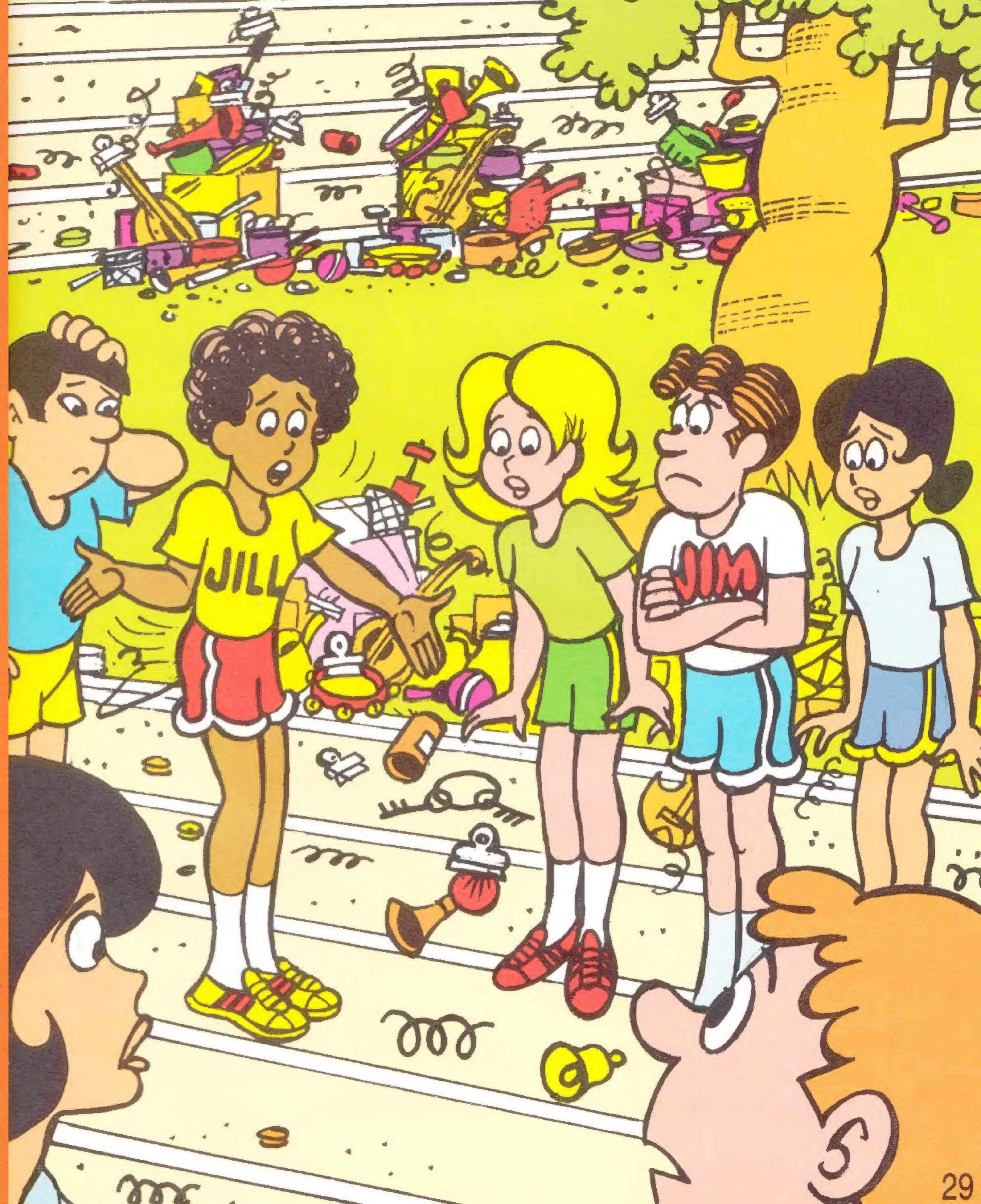


Soon it is time for the joggers to leave.  
Each jogger takes a box filled with junk.  
Jill looks all around the jogging track.  
“Every piece of jingling, jangling junk is gone,”  
she says.  
“Do not worry,” says Mr. J.  
“I will work all day tomorrow.  
I will bring piles and piles of junk  
to the jogging track.”  
“Oh, no,” sighs Jill.  
“What am I to do?”





The next day, there is junk all over the jogging track. Jill calls an emergency meeting of Mr. J's Jingling, Jangling Joggers. She shows them the jogging track. "I do not want to hurt Mr. J's feelings," she says. "But no one can jog here." The joggers talk about the problem. Finally, they decide what they must do. Everyone works together for many, many weeks. At last the problem is solved.







Now, alongside the old jogging track  
is a brand new jogging track.

The joggers have a jogging track for jogging.

Mr. J has a jogging track for jingling, jangling junk.